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THE SPANKTATOR

Hamilton Heat Wave?: Widespread Panic Hits Hill

by Mr. Chief of This and That '08
Editor In Charge of Everythig Including You r Mom

Before you throw on you three hundred dollar orange sherbert colored UGGS and Northface marshmellow jacket, consider this: It's above -200 degrees on the Hill!

Without the usual mounds of snow and wind chill levels that could knock down a bulimic freshman girl, Hamiltonians are confused and mass panic is quickly spreading.

In temperatures that most Southern students would pull on wool cardigans, students have begun to pull out their shorts and other leg bearing attire. So, watch out!

Our bodies have been used to hibernating over the winter and as a result, our usually flat abs and tight buns have turned into soft, rotund beer bellies and "baby got way too much backs."

But don't blame us! When its snowing outside and your lonely, nutter butters just seem like the only way to go.

Another large problem the "heat wave" has caused is that our usually studious students are now turning to "outdoor" activities, such as frolicking in the glen and wiffleball on minor field.

This must stop. Jubilation- and the Hill just don't mix.

It's the bad weather that keeps our students' grades high and self-esteems low.

"I think Hamilton is set in a controlled temperature bubble and that the administration is just trying to keep us cold so that we'll study hard and raise Hamilton's U.S. News and World Reports Ranking,' said junior Candy Kane.

"I mean why do think Gore came to campus?" He's in on it, of course.

While the culprit of the high and low temperatures has not yet been identified, one thing has.

Hamilton is now colder than that frigid bitch Mt. Kilamnajaro!

G-Road Slip and Slide Confiscated by Neighborhood Kiddies-OOOPS

by I can't write another another article it's 3 a.m. and I'm sober
Please Stop Reading Now

So, yeah. It seems that the G-Road slip and slide has been confiscated by a group of neighboorhood miscrients.

What is a drunken, naked, newly initiated frat boy to do?

Just drink some more of that "fun juice" and at some point the pain of not getting rub your body against a cold kiddy slide will slowly but surely dissapate.

Campus po has begun to look into the matter and so far have not come up with any leads, other than that the jelly donut is much more pleasing to the palette than the boston creme one.

As desperate times call for desperate measures, the campus frats have decided to use commons dining trays and ky-jelly in place of the slip and slide/water combo.

For further information on this matter, call the Clinton thug hotline.

Hairy Pussy Found !

YOU ARE A SICKO IF YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE THINKING

Martin's Way Cat apparently rises from dead.

Hamilton College *Daily Bull* Deemed "Unintelligable" by Campus Media Board

By Digeridoo von Cristal Meth IV '09
Dean of the Chillbank High on JC Dept.

A special Committee for Media Discernability (CMD) formed by the Hamilton College Media Bored held a hearing yesterday in which they presented their findings about the readability of *The Daily Bull*, Hamilton's foremost yellow humor publication.

"As far as we can tell," said Media Bored President and Head of the CMD, John Boyd '09, " since January 2007, *The Daily Bull* has been almost completely impossible to understand."

The CMD's 40-page report, entitled "The Effects of Drug Use on Satire," includes many fascinating assertions about this enigmatic publication.

The report includes a breakdown of individual words used in *The Daily Bull*, citing "uber," (100,001 appearances) "ironic," (72,987 appearances) and "postmodern" (20,652 appearances) as three of the most frequently used.

The report revealed that *The Daily Bull*, though never really misplacing modifiers, tends to misuse pronouns, use an abundance of run-on sentences, and generally condescend to readers that it deems to be "philistines."

In addition to condescension, the content of the Bull generally includes superfluous references to "obscure historical figures," that according to the report, "have no particular relevance to or bearing on student life and/or the world today."

This special committee report comes on the heels of the very controversial Kotlove v. Fry-Johnson case in which Daily Bull editor Dunston Fry-Johnson '09 sued the Spec and cartoonist Matthew Kotlove for "slanderous libel with a dearth of irony."

Fry-Johnson elaborated that Kotlove had portrayed his somewhat bird-like features wrongfully.

"Terydactals with the defining characteristics of famous navigators like Christopher Columbus do not really exist," he said in a report released Tuesday. "There is an actual terydactal on campus that is a reincarnation of explorer Giovanni de Verrazano, but that's because everyone knows he was premercantilist and wayyyy more indie than Columbus."

see *"I make it rain,"* hoe.

Monthly Movie List: *or What your going to be watching when your sexiled...*

1. Crossroads
It will make you want to shave your head and "almost" drop your kids at the same time

2. Deep Throat
Brush up on your... U.S. Political History by watching this fan favorite

3. Blow
What's in a name?

4. E True Hollwood Story: JHS
Did little Joannie grow up playing with barbies or tonka trucks ? Find out in this touching/creepy documentary.

5. Gigli
We got desperate and needy. Just like that horny freshman guy who you always seem to end up with at the end of the night.

6. Hocus Pocus
C'mon, you can't deny the sexiness of the talking cat's british accent.

7. Cindarella III
It's like sticking your hand into a blender full of glass slipper shards while simultaneously listening to little cartoon mice sing off key songs about your sad, pathetic life.

8. It's A Wonderful Life
Every time a bell rings, take a shot and think of how "not wonderful" your life is.

Dining Halls to Institute "Sex Segregation" On Weekends

by Tartsie McTart '10
HomeWrecker Extraordinare

It's happens to the best of us. You go out on a Friday night, knock back a few keystones, and find that special someone to spend the night with at a sketchy Bundy rave party.

Then you wake up and it seems that that sexy person from the night before, is actually...not sexy, in the least. Darn those beer goggles!

Next comes the awkward morning chatter and perhaps, if your breath doesn't reek too much of cheap booze, a goodbye kiss.

This is commonly followed by one party's (why does it always seem to be yours?) walk of shame.

And, considering that you still have an appetite left after seeing the person you hooked up with the night before in broad daylight, you go Commons, grab breakfast, and then just as you are about to pick up the new issue of *The Spectator*.... you run into them. That same person whose room you just left.

But, have no fear. It seems that the student assembly and administration have come up with a way to prevent these dreadful occurrences.

Starting next year, McEwen will officially be open on weekends. How, you ask, will this solve my morning run-in disasters? Just keep reading my friend.

Starting this August, McEwen will be officially designated as the "Male Dining Hall" on campus from Friday until Sunday. Commons, on the other hand, will be designated as the "Female Dining Hall," during the Weekend.

"This way," said student assembly representative Bobby Mittens '09, "students will be able to avoid the opposite sex at breakfast and brunch on weekends."

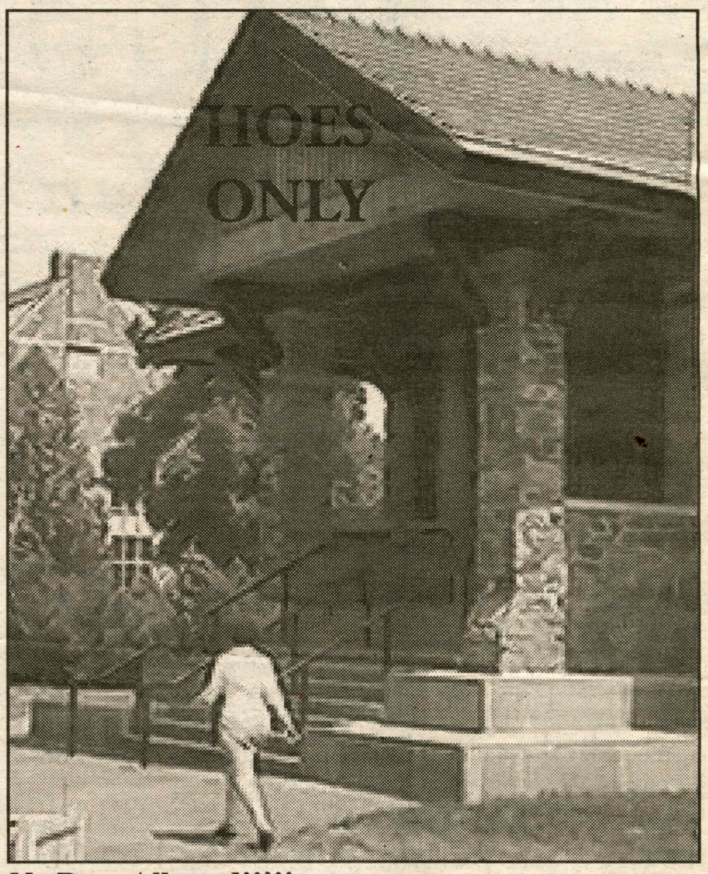
Mittens also said that students who try to enter the wrong dining halls during the designated weekend "sex segregation hours," will receive a punishment of 1 point for each piece of food and condiment they consume.

"For instance, if a male student tries to "illegally" enter Commons to grab a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on Sunday morning, he will receive 4 points," explained Mittens.

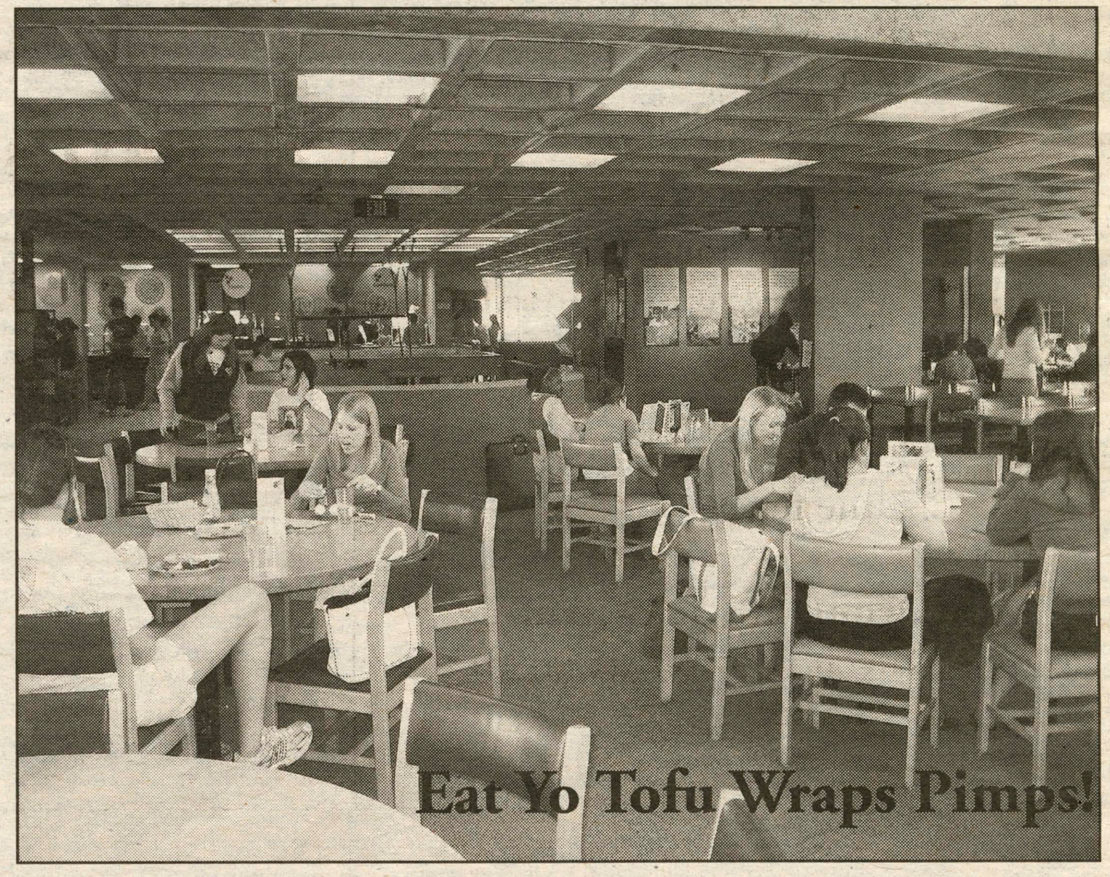
So, by avoiding *that* "certain someone" come next semester, you will also be avoiding those nasty things called points.

And if for some inane reason you actually want to see your hook up partner the next day in public, you should really consider transferring to some school where meaningful relationships are actually approved.

I mean C'mon folks; this is Hamilton- land of the horny and home of the tarts. Relationships are so...Colgate.



No Boys Allowed!!!!!



Eat Yo Tofu Wraps Pimps!

THE SPANKTATOR

A Spanktator Exlusive: *The Real Class and Charter Day Awards*

All-campus Beirut Champ
Each year there's one, a young man or woman who truly lives up to the scholar athlete ideal by outdrinking, outshooting, and outshittalking their fellow students all the way through the championship round!

Most Accomplished Mixologist
Pioneering brave new fields of alcohol concoctions, a true A-class mixologist can stir up some sex on the beach, a slippery nipple or a blowjob and knows how to mix drinks!

Science Prize
This year's will undoubtedly go to Willy Kearn, whose perfection of the shotgun beer consumption technique incorporates aerodynamics, rocket science, and a keen understanding of binge drinking technique and has made him an instant household hero!

2 Chicks at the same time

Fastest Beer Mile
No doubt Hamilton's new fitness center will ensure some really *spank*tacular competition for this year's prize!

Public Speaking
Awarded to the student who has given the best excuse to campus safety that year. Last year's winner was:
1st place: "I swear officer, I was just trying to help the sheep over the fence!"

Most drunk kid at G-road
(I'm lookin' at you, Wristwatch!)

THE SPANKTATOR

Martin E. Connor, Jr.
Out For a Smoke-in-Chief

Emily L. Poe — *Editor-in-Tart*

Erin W. Hoener — *Too Busy Cleaning Up Everyone's Mistakes to Layout Editor*

Eileen A. Starrett — *16 Days and Counting... Editor*

Nicholas H. Rockwell — *Editor?*

Lauren L. Moon — *Just in the Nick of Time Editor*

Melissa A. Balding — *The "I Plant Quotes" Editor*

Emma J. L. Furman — *The Furminator*

Laura D. Trubiano — *I can finally watch Grey's Because I'm A Senior Editor*

David R. Foster — Kopy Editer Extrordenare

Mallory Reed — *What's Cookin' Good Lookin' Editor*

Bianca Dragan — *Where's the Jitney Editor*

Matthew G. Crowson — *Canadian Correspondent (No Wonder he only gets one page a week)*

Elijah LaChance — *Vermonster*

David W. Riordan — *"Website" Editor*

Eric J. Kuhn — *From One Dump to Another Editor*

Benjamin Lee — *Can the Spectator be delivered on Class and Charter Day Editor*

Benjamin L. Noble — *Paleontology Editor*

Patrick D. Hodgens — *Queen of The Spectator*

Nicole T. Dietsche — *My Chem Editor*

Rebekah A. Mintzer — *Muriel Editor*

Sharfi Farhana — *MIA Manager*

Lindsay Getman — *Ginger-in-Chief*

Brandon Leibsohn — *Chatty Cathy Editor*

A Special Shout-Out To The Editor-in-Chief of *The Duel Observer*. Thanks for all your help tonight, I mean last night, Ben, we didn't know just how good *Spankin'* could be till you came along!

Tune in next week for a *Spank*-tastic exclusive update on Stuart Lombardi's Testicles vs. The Womyn's Center!

Scent of *Bull* Shit Permeates Through Campus

THE"OTHER"MEATSPIN.COM

What's cookin' good lookin'?

from ***you didn't actually read the front page anyway because you turned straight to thumbs up/thumbs down***, page 1

When asked what his opinion of the situation was, former Editor-and-Chief of *The Daily Bull* Lord I'mgladi'mgone commented over a phone interview. "OOOObeergggahgoook, me toochums, errr clovertoke a whoooo hymen satan o'poop nietzche mawwwplooot."

The other members of the Bull staff could not be reached because they were too busy postgaming for Mayday.

The Spanktator attempted to reach their press representatives or spokespeople, but they don't have any because public relations are according to Fry-Johnson, "products of conformist, capitalistic, corporate BULL SH#T!"

What is to be done about the "senselessness" of Hamilton's premiere oversized piece of yellow paper?

The Media Bored is in the process of deciding what to do with the leadership of the publication, as it has been deemed inadequate.

This is due to a conflict of interest for editor in chief Fry-Johnson. Right now he is filling both the positions of head of the Bull staff and "too damned awesome for everyone else's good." Media Bored representatives have determined that it will be impossible for him to fill both roles next semester.

"I'm afraid to say that at this point we may have no other choice but to dissolve the Bull and convert all of the extra paper to yellow wallpaper for the new Arts Center," said the media bored chair John Boyd '09, "hopefully the Bull staff is artsy enough to understand that desperate times call for desperate measures."

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS WRITE FOR THE CONT.... FOR ANYTHING OTHER THAN SPANKTATOR NEWS. PLEASE, PLEASE,PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU- WRITE FOR SPANK NEWS. DON'T YOU DARE SAY NO. I MEAN IT. NO I'M ONLY KIDDING. REALLY, THOUGH. PLEASE WRITE.

Email desperate@hamilton.edu

THE SA UPYOURSDATE

A bi-weekly update on our plan to take over the world

-This week we determined that all the tables in Commons, McEwen and the Diner should have built in sinks with soap dispensers to keep students clean and disinfected- *oh yeah, like that sketchy dude's cup you drank out of last night isn't carrying west nile virus or sars*

- In a 2 to 1 vote, *why were there only three people present at Monday night's titulating meeting?,* the SA has decided to let the current members of the assembly hold their positions for life like Supreme Court Justices... *yeah even when we've graduated we're still gonna pick what movies you watch!*

- The SA has decided that the **"pick my own grade option"** will be extended from ... *wait was there ever a pick my own grade option to begin with... oh never mind its in bold so it must be true*

Love you always and forever,
Mr. Prez

Crazy Activist Professors Destroy Publius Center

compiled by
Campus Agitator '08
Insights & Ideas Editor

On September 15, 2006, four activist Hamilton professors convened to concoct a plan to destroy the recently announced Publius Center for the Study of Liberty and Free Enterprise. A desperately reactionary Spanktator editor, trying to get proof of radical activist professors' dastardly deeds, obtained this incriminated conversation from a hidden audio recorder. The following is a transcript of their dialogue:

Prof. Mao: The Administration has just announced the establishment of the Publius Center for the Study of Liberty and Free Enterprise. Although the College will not give any financial support to it and it does not affect the curriculum, we professors cannot let this fly.

Prof Friedan: Why, exactly?

Prof. Mao: It could burst our precious, precious elitist college bubble.

Prof Hiss: Ah, smell that? The air really does smell better at a top tier one school.

Prof Debs: No, my friend, that's the sweet smell of tenure you're smelling there.

ALL INHALE, EXHALE.

Prof Mao: This center could burst our work proving that America is a bigoted, sexist, racist, capitalistic, intolerant, cheese-hating, diplomacy loating, unhip, anti-dancing, hard-boozing, vain nation preoccupied with American Idol and "popular media." I mean, dear Science! It's bad enough that we work at a college founded by white dead Christian man. Now there might be the possibility to study this racist old fart, his ideology, and the issues he and his era grappled with.

Prof. Hiss: For the past thirty years, we have been trying to slyly switch the goals of higher education from scholarship/learning to activism/indoctrinating. And this Center would jeopardize our teacherous thirty-year-old efforts and our agenda of multiculturalism, diversity, and postmodernism. We must take action and prevent the establishment of this oppressive program. We must increase our activism… just as we did in the psychogenic and rebellious 60's. Boy, those were the days! [aside] I wish I could remember back then clearly… maybe I shouldn't have done so much pot and acid… nah, who am I kidding, those days were totally groovy…

Prof. Debs: I coundn't agree more. This Publius Center has the possibility of bringing back the golden age of pre-Kirkland College purity. The establishment of these programs is a reactionary measure to take Hamilton back to the days of when it was a little monastery on an obscure hill in the wilderness; an elitist college where good ol' wealthy white Christian boys were indoctrinated to obey The Man and promote bourgeois ideals. Damn capitalist robber barons!

Prof. Friedan: But don't we technically indoctrinate with classes like CPLIT The Straight Story?: Rethinking the Romance and SOC Poverty, Law, and the Welfare State?

Prof. Debs: Well, yeah…. But we *indoctrinate* our students the right subjects, such as lesbian postmodern thought in Uzbekistan.

Prof. Mao: Right! Plus, even though the Publius Center founders claimed this Center was non-ideological, liberty and free enterprise are terms completely loaded with conservative ideology.

All: hissssssssssss

Prof. Mao: I know, I know… what a homogeneous, ignorant, tyrannical ideology. Any ways, we must stop the Center or some how take over the programming. Then we can make it examine more conducive subject to our agenda, such as the study of Marx, Emma Goldman, Darwin, the labor movement, excesses of imperialism, etc. In other words, the subjects that we already force our students to memorize and endorse.

Prof. Friedan: Yeah, take over the Center so that it will invite more speakers like Annie Sprinkle, Susan Rosenberg, and Ward Churchill. Make it another Kirkland Proj—err, I mean, Diversity and Social Justice Project. With these kinds of speakers, we can prevent the students from becoming little Eichmanns and instead shape them into good activists, terrorists, and prostitutes.

Prof. Mao: Alright, Alright, we are all in agreement. We all know why we have to destroy the Publius Center. But now how are we going to wipe out it?

Prof. Friedan: We could use our hippie-love magic to revive Comrade Stalin, so that he can hook us up with some ICMBs to nuke it.

Prof. Hiss: Did Comrade Stalin even have ICBMs?

Prof. Debs: I don't know. Isn't that part of actual history?

Prof. Mao: Who's to know what's really true?

ALL SHRUG

Prof. Hiss: We could attack the Publius Center for what it is: a scholarly program that would promote the study of racist, bigoted, homophobic Western principles.

Prof. Friedan: No, no, no. Although *we* all believe the West is full of racism, sexism, and bigotry (especially the United States), telling the uninformed public this wouldn't work. They are so below our high intelligence that they simply would not understand.

Prof. Debs: Additionally, if we took that approach then we would reveal ourselves as whom we really are. May Science forbid the Hamilton community ever finds out our true values!

Prof. Moa: Professors Freidan and Debs are right. We must find a problem with it. A red herring, shall we say. Locate a hitch with the Publius Center and run with it.

Prof. Friedan: hmmm….. What about the governance structure of the Center?

Prof. Debs: Great idea! There are only two Hamilton people required to be on the nine-member board. Having outside highly acclaimed scholars could potentially pop our precious college bubble and increase dialogue and discussion with the academic community beyond the Hill. What is more devastating about this is that it would show that we are not legitimate scholars but actually radical activists. And by Science, we cannot have that!

Prof. Hiss: We can say that the Center is at Hamilton, but not of Hamilton.

All: Brilliant!

Prof Mao: Okay, here's the game plan! All other professors, except for a small minority, are already on our side. We don't have to worry about the minority or the founders of the Center, because we can just steamroll over them with our tyrannical majority.

Prof. Hiss: So much for defending minority rights.

All: [malicious] MOO HAHAHAHA!!! MOO HAHAHAHA!!!!!

Prof Mao: Anyways let's continue. Prof. Friedan you go put pressure on the administration. The college leadership is weak, so this shouldn't be too hard. Moreover, if we get the administration on our side then we'll get control of the C&D spin-machine, the ultimate totalitarian office of information at Hamilton. Prof. Hiss, you go put pressure on the trustees; if we get the trustees on our side, we're golden. Prof. Debs, work on the alumni, especially the hippie Kirkland alums. All of us should manipulate and push this on our students. And if any of our students get out of line, slap them with an F. We must preserve academic freedom and diversity… but only if it conforms to our liberal dogma. Alright? Break!

Capoeira: I Don't Care If I Spelled That Right

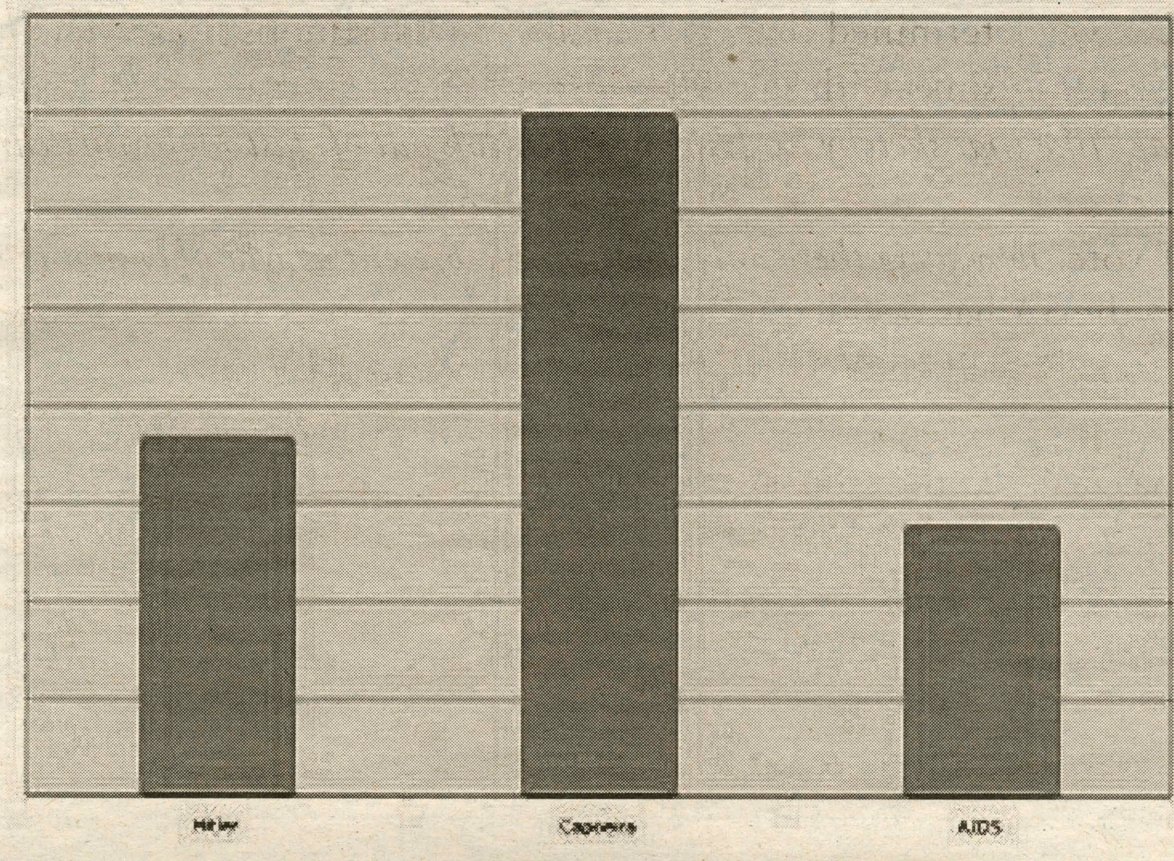
by Grizzle Greedy-Gut
Insights & Ideas Writer

Graph by Sack 'n' Sugar

Capoeira didn't always suck. It was first developed by Brazilian run-away slaves who used it to kick the shit out of any whitey stupid or Portuguese enough to cross their paths. Unfortunately, Capoeira today is run by slightly overweight hippies with annoying drums, who intentionally try *not* to hit each other - a far cry from their ripped, pissed off, honkey-thrashing ancestors. The main problem with these people is that they try reconcile being badass with being non-violent. Any retard with a giant head can tell you that being badass and being non-violent are mutually exclusive. Take Gandhi for instance: he practiced non-violent protest and now look at him, dead as a baby teething on broken glass.

Ok, so now we've discussed the history of Capoeira, now lets discuss the top ten reasons why Hamilton Capoeira sucks specifically. First off, they couldn't beat up an infant (they've tried).

Two, despite this fact, they walk around like they're badass (See graph 1.1).



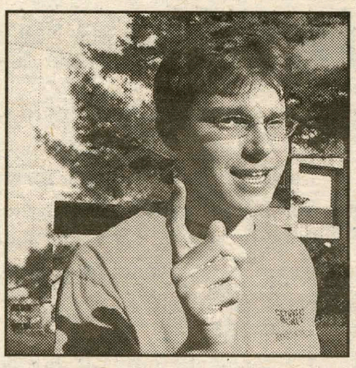
Thirdly, they take up valuable gym space that could be used more effectively, and since anything in the world is more important than Capoeira, we could pretty much store beached whales in the gym and feel better about ourselves.

Fourthington, Capoeira is un-American.

Fifthly, the friction caused by their tight pants is the leading cause of baby-cancer in the whole world. Sixth, they're Communists and I *hate* sharing. Seventh, they supported the Apartheid regime in South Africa.

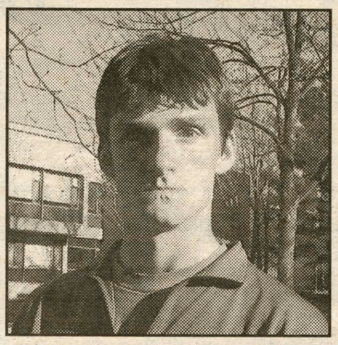
Eighth, they keep me up at night with their stupid asshole drums. Ninth, they have sketchy moustaches (men and women folk alike) that scare my girlfriend. Tenth, if I had to choose between ending the Hamilton Capoeira club or ending the crisis in Darfur, I would choose to deport the Capoeira team to Darfur.

In conclusion, I will completely support the Capoeira if they start kicking each other in the face. Until then, go suck a live grenade you fuggin mashup chunderheads.



"I don't read *The Spectator*."

~Ben Lee '07

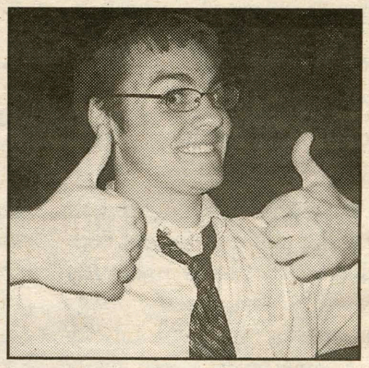


"I don't read the *Daily Bull*."

~Jesse Stromwick '09

"I don't read *The Spectator*."

~Mike Bethany '10



"I don't read the *Daily Bull*."

~Steve Allinger '09

Hamilton Unscripted

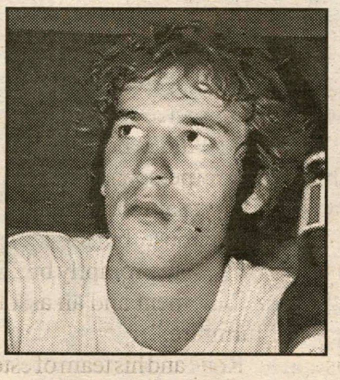
This week's question:

What do you think of the Daily Bull - Spectator Cartoon Feud?

by MELICIOUS '09 & Moonrock '09

"I don't read the *Daily Bull*."

~Stuart Lombardi '09



"I don't read *The Spectator*."

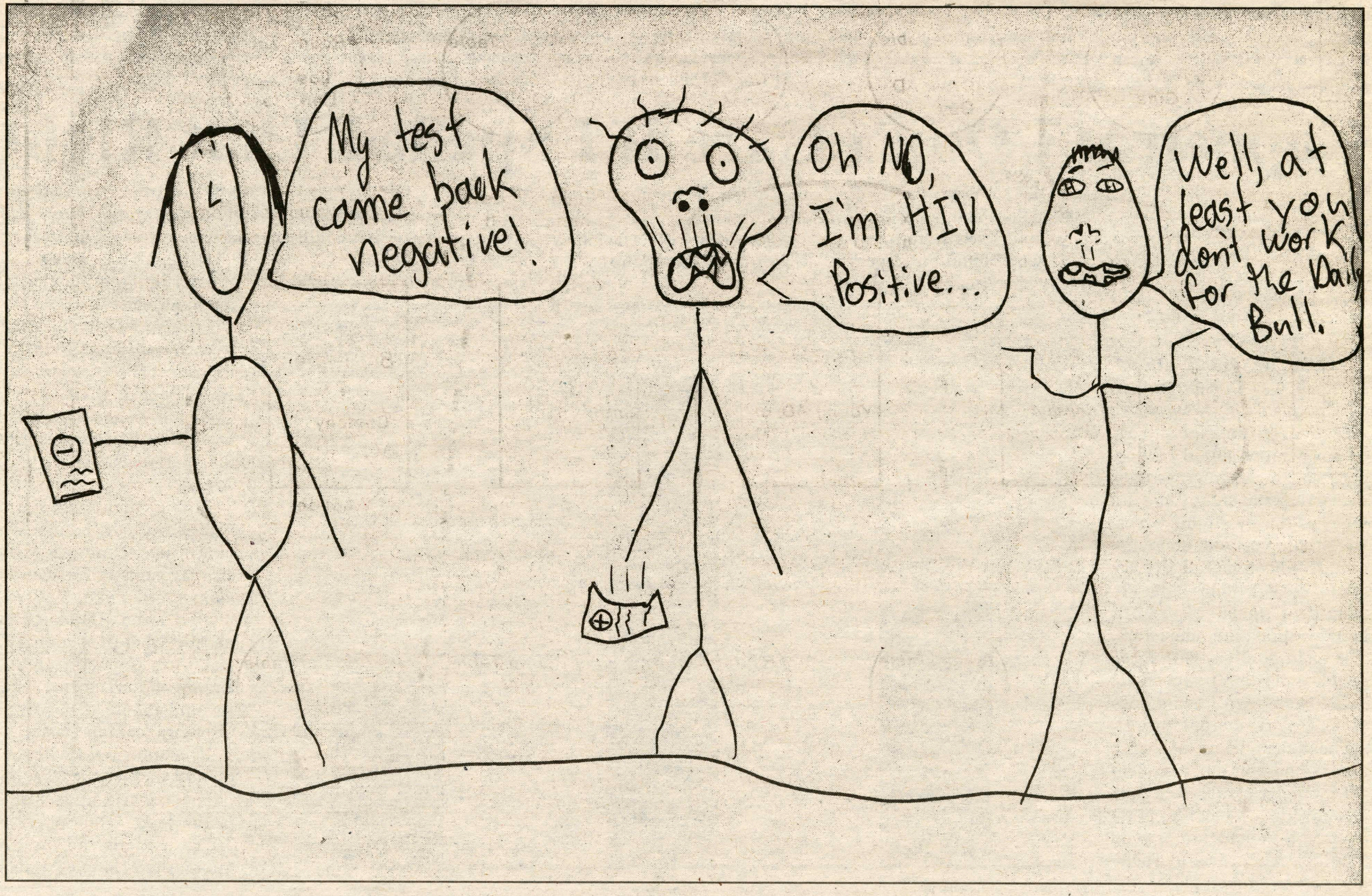
~Tom Klaber '10

"I don't read the *Daily Bull*."

~Mike Mortimer '07

"I don't read *The Spectator*."

~Emily Poe '10



Weekly Science Newsbits
Compiled by the Editors

A recent IQ measurement study showed a negative correlation between freshman girls and ice cream consumption.

A recent study by Bon Appetit proved ginger really is "a magical root." Perhaps they shouldn't have snorted it.

A plague specific to the strawberry-flavored yogurt subspecies of cow in Micronesia was to blame for the lack of strawberry ice cream in the dining halls this past semester, according to BBC News.

In the last episode of "Survivor: Science Center," Psychology was voted off the island. Professors are currently attempting to psychoanalyze the decision.

Psychology Study: De-Mystifying 'Weekend Hook-Up' Avoidance Behaviors

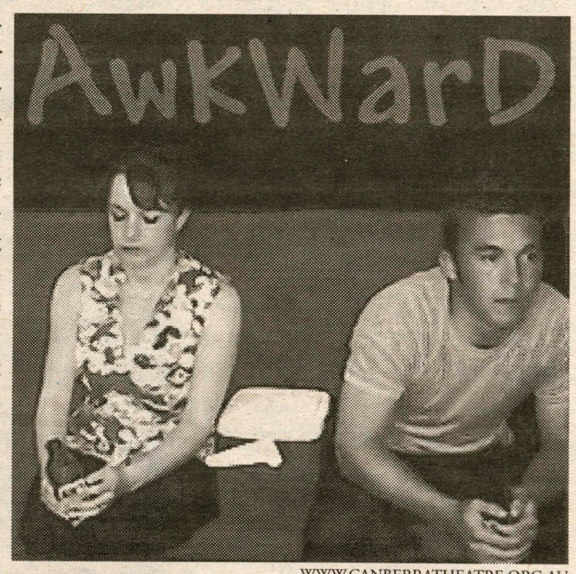
by Tom Arnold
Science & Technology Buff

A recent study published by the Psychology Department has revealed that there may be a scientific link to avoidance behaviors witnessed between two persons have had 'relations' the night before. The study, appearing in this week's issue of *Weird Psych*, concludes that one can actually predict the pathways individuals take to avoid one another.

"The findings are truly remarkable," Dr. Ner Rotic said in an interview. "We can actually predict where and when two individuals will initiate an avoidance reaction, so that they don't have to face the shameful events of the night before." Rotic's crowning achievement in the article is the revolutionary mapping and coding of observed behavior seen over three months of intensive observations in Commons (Figure 1). The figure is interesting in its own right, and provides clear and concise logic for college students at other colleges to analyze this bizarre phenomenon in their dining halls.

The avoidance behavior seems to be limited to the Commons dining hall. "We observed the 'Dark' side eateries and found that everyone avoids everyone else there anyway, so we couldn't differentiate the hookup behavior from normal behavior," Rotic added. The research team also investigated other social spaces on campus, but ran into a few minor nuances. "We attempted to measure the avoidance behaviors between persons with past histories at a Saturday night party in the farmhouse, but the society that resides there promptly broke all of our equipment and an assortment of furniture."

Rotic and his team of esteemed researchers also suspect that the avoidance behaviors may be linked to the particular school societies the individuals belong to. "The next step is to see how the avoidance behaviors between different cultural niches within the school vary. Our first data was based on the 'PBX Pledge' and 'Older AD Guys' cultural groups, and we found the behavior to be especially strong. We are interested to see how the other groups on campus interact with one another."



WWW.CANBERRATHEATRE.ORG.AU

Is this you on Sunday? Studies reveal possible scientific link to avoidance behavior.

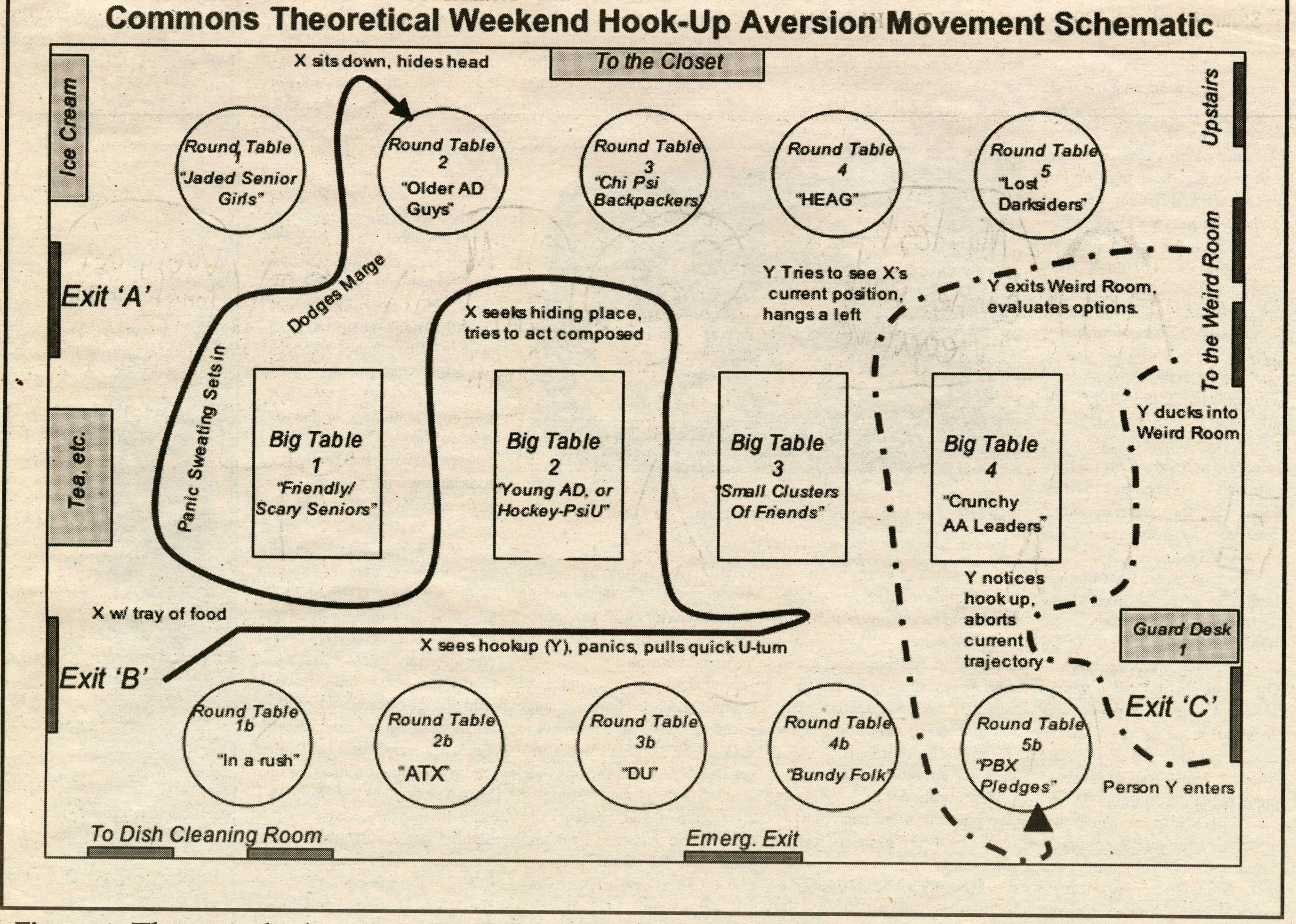


Figure 1. Theoretical schematic of behavior frequently observed in Commons during Sunday Brunch.

What Really Goes Down (the throat) In Root

by I'm Sick of Keystone '08
*Why The F*** Didn't I Choose Sub-Free?!?!?!?!?!?!?!*

Did you know that it is possible to milk a child? Well, after hours in the secret laboratory in the basement of Root, the best and brightest residents - Chemistry majors of course - have developed just such a technology. And seriously, who needs Keystone when you can enjoy the heroin-like effects of child's milk?

According to James Markal, "It all started during one of our Sunday night orgies. We were just sick and tired of sober sex all of the time. I mean, I get tired from night after night of ravenous buttsex. So I decided that it was time for a little extra stimulation, if you know what I mean."

Obviously the law-abiding students of Root were not going to let any illegal substances taint their holy temple of fiery incestual love. Layna Fulvermoon said, "We decided to make our own 'substance' with the resources available to us. It didn't take much discussion until we realized we had a bevy of young children at our disposal five days a week. And yeah, I'm talking daycare tots." Jessie Cluck added, "Yeah, my friends in Root are pretty bangin', and by bangin' I mean fricking smart! I never would have thought of milking children, but I guess that's why I dropped Organic Chemistry."

Although the residents of Root would not divulge how exactly it is possible to milk a child, James Markal would say this, "It just takes a lovin' touch, man." Many of the Rooters were also pretty secretive about what it feels like to trip on child's milk but Caitlin DeMay, high on infant milk (the younger the child, the more potent the effects), couldn't keep her enthusiasm from spilling out. She said, "It's like something I've never felt before. I just get so, like, I love life. And like, I just don't know. Sometimes I just want to hump the stars, you know?"

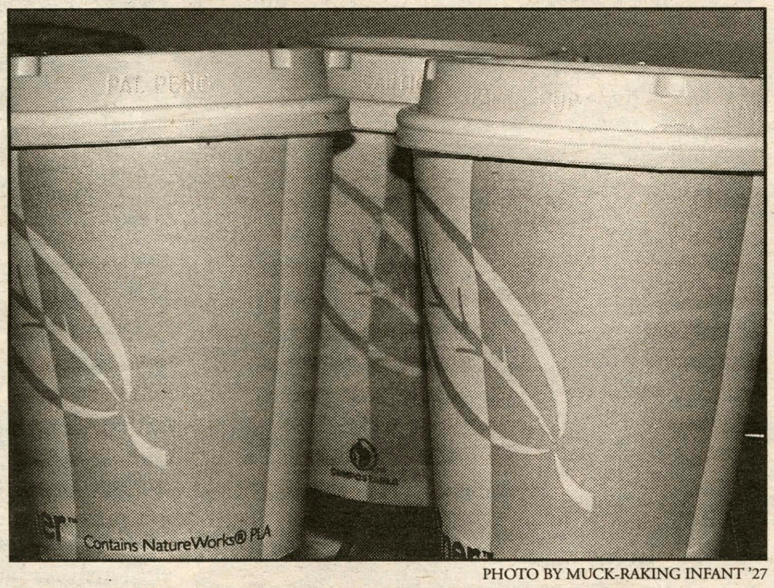


PHOTO BY MUCK-RAKING INFANT '27

A dramatic close-up. Child's milk... my anti-drug.

It was nearing 8 p.m. on Friday night, so Root was closing to outsiders for the night. As I left the building, residents were already crowding around the common room fridge on the third floor, which is a veritable arsenal of child's milk contained in recyclable McEwen cups.

I no longer wonder why the residents of Root are not interested in partying, or the outside world for that matter. If you only knew the orgasmic child's milk induced mayhem that goes on almost every night, I think you would want to live in Root too. According to Layna Fullvermoon, "Once you have child's milk, you'll never be the same. I'm horny *all* of the time and I'm being super cereal." With a wink and a look of complete seduction she added, "Got milk?"

"*Super*" *Commons:* It Doesn't Get Better Than This!

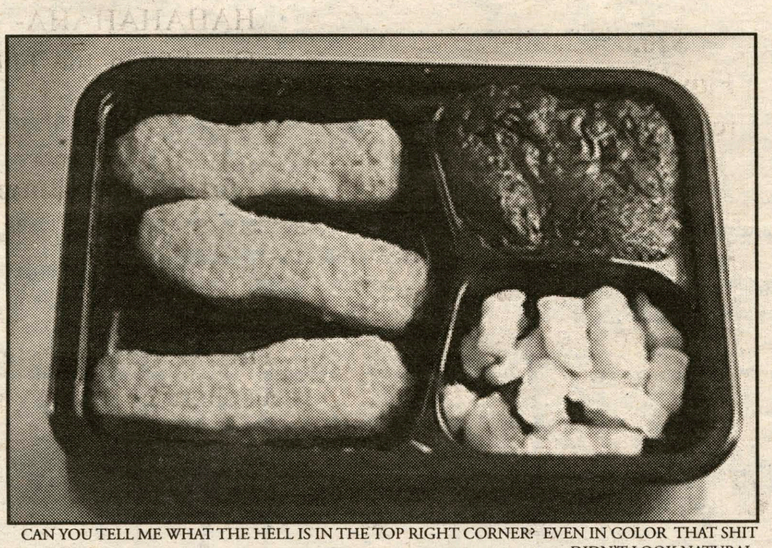
by Burnt Raspberry Pop-tart '10
Senior Boys Like To Toast and Taste Me

I can barely control my excitement as I prance up the wide stone steps of Soper Commons on a dreary Monday night. There is no better way to enjoy an elegant and relaxing meal than amidst the refined and patient members of the notorious 6 o'clock dinner crew. I have eaten in Commons more times than I could possibly count yet I have never encountered a bad flavor, never felt the least bit queasy hours later, and have never ended up on puking into the toilet from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. on March 28th 2007. Oh, and I can vow that I will never, ever get bored with the incredible selection and variety of ingredients that Commons has to offer. I just wish for once they would cook with mushrooms. I really miss mushrooms.

Fungus aside, I am literally high with anticipation as Marge lovingly takes my classy plastic ID and swipes it with a "Comment ca va, mademoiselle?" Oh, I get shivers when Marge speaks French. I peruse the swanky menus on the wall and am delighted to see my favorite Cheeseburger soup has made an appearance! Commons doesn't have this delicacy often, but when it's available, I can barely contain myself from going back for seconds and even thirds. I especially recommend it mixed with a dollop of cottage cheese for a little extra creamy saturated fat goodness.

Well, even though I would like to base a meal entirely on Cheeseburger and cottage cheese mush, Mama always did tell me to eat my fruits and veggies. Sometimes the selection of fruit is so exotic and extensive that I have trouble making a selection. I hum and haw over an adorably tiny red delicious apple and a banana of a most striking green hue, but eventually decide on a perfectly ripened mango. The red and green skin and yellow flesh of the fruit perfectly complement the gorgeous auburn of my Cheeseburger soup. It's almost like painting a culinary picture on the blue canvas of my stylish plastic tray.

I join my friends at one of the many empty tables in the cavernous yet intimate dining hall and prepare to dig in until I realize I have forgotten a spoon. Although Marge would come calling if I asked, I don't want to be an impositio. Decide to forgo a utensil and delicately sip my fragrant chunky soup. The ground beef is perfectly ground and I barely have to chew as it slides down my throat. The spicy zing is mellowed by the milky cottage cheese as the flavors dance and linger in my mouth.



CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS IN THE TOP RIGHT CORNER? EVEN IN COLOR THAT SHIT DIDN'T LOOK NATURAL.

Finally, food that puts my T.V. dinner to shame!

After a delightful appetizer of mango and Cheeseburger-cottage cheese, I pause for a moment to soak up the sophisticated atmosphere. There are pleasant and hushed conversations going on all around me as students discuss their excitement over final papers and the awards presentation on Class and Charter Day. One gentleman in a tie pulls out a chair for a young lady who kisses him on the cheek before she sits down, crosses her legs, folds her napkin in her lap and says grace. Oh, how gloriously civilized!

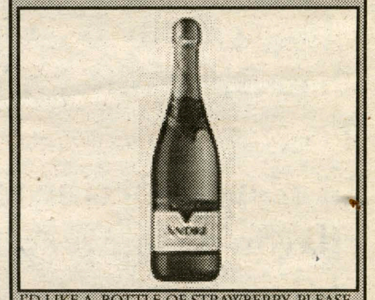
For my second course I choose some cooling chicken in three beautiful shades of pink from a gorgeous pool of garlicky grease. I also want some toast so I place a lovely slice of wheat bread in the art-deco toaster and fiddle with the knobs. Someone's lightly toasted plain bagel slides down the shiny ramp, and suddenly a lovely blond girl is upon me. "Oh shucks, you burnt my bagel. Next time, kindly don't touch the knobs. Thanks so much, sweetie." She pinches my cheeks and adds, "Oh you are such a cute little pop-tart. I have a senior boyfriend who would love to toast you!"

Faced with the thought of hooking up with a senior boy, I am suddenly repelled and lose my appetite. Doesn't she know that as a freshmen girl, I would never, ever consider even talking to any boy in the Class of 2007? GROSS! I am disappointed that I cannot eat any further, but I am comforted by the fact that I can totally come back tomorrow. Oh wait, the ice cream looks beyond amazing. I fill a glass cup with three large scoops of chocolate ice cream and pluck a metal spoon from a sexy black canister. As I walk out into the suddenly warm night, I begin stuffing my face and reflect on my delicious meal of Cheeseburger-cottage cheese heaven, fresh mango and cocoa gelato. Mmmmm good!

Best Buys: *Class* and Charter Day

by
I'm Just A Little Too Excited For My First Time Day Drinking

A Bottle o' Andre- It will put the "class" in Class and Charter Day.

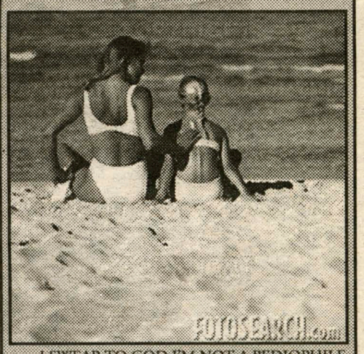


I'D LIKE A BOTTLE OF STRAWBERRY, PLEASE.

An industrial-sized vat of KY Jelly- For the slippin' slide... really.

FUCK, I'LL WARM YOU ON CONTACT.

Sunscreen- who knows, the sun might actually rise over the tundra on this joyous occation.



I SWEAR TO GOD I'M NOT A PEDIOPHILE

Me-
Seriously, I haven't gotten any action all semester and I will actually pay you to do me. Any time, anywhere, any style.

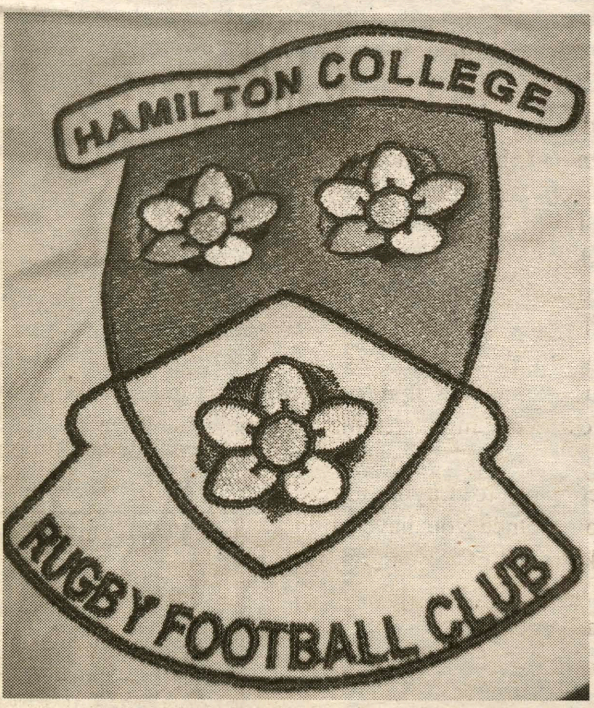
I SWEAR THAT MY LACK OF SEXUAL ACTIVITY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MY CANINE-LIKE RESEMBLANCE.

Editor's Note:
For an added piece of flair at no cost, your drunken roommate on the way back from G-road makes a very 'classy' accessory. Just beware of the projectile vomit. Puke is never sexy.

Who is not afraid of Colgate?

By I'm pretty intrigued with the zoroastrianism of the Hamilton rugby theam

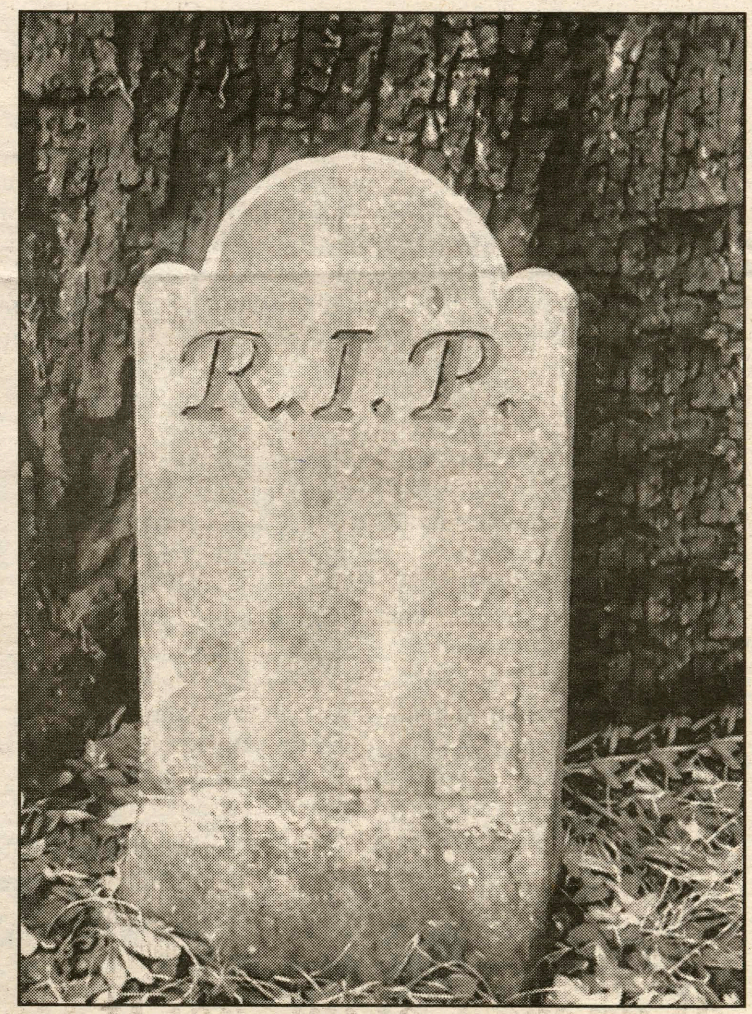
Admit it, popular image calls rugby players the meanest of the mean men: they fracture their colarbones, broke their fingers, noses, arms and legs, suffer concussions and spend their afternoons screaming around the pitch! Rugby players are no pussycats, yet, some years ago the rugby decided to explore their softer side and chose flowers as their logo.



Thank God, they came to their senses and adopted a new logo, although their jackets still has both. You know, they're tough on the pitch, but nice gentlemen off. Love and death, Ying and Yang, blah blah. They absolutely crushed Colgate in April [evil grin] so ROCK ON GUYS!! But the flowers are just weird. Stick to the skull.

Hamilton Memorial Notes: We will never forget you!

By A very sad Hamilton student



2006-2007 was a tough year for the College, one filled with loss. Here, the Spanktator would like to take a moment of quiet reflection for things lost in the last year.

Merit Scholarships–because the world isn't merit based at all.

Commons Brunch Waffles – our hangovers will always miss you. And one day, we will punish the sick bastards that did this to you (we're looking in your direction, crepe station.)

Golden Bikes – you briefly brought joy to our lives and speed to our trips down to Bundy.

The Martin's Way Cat's Balls–without the boys, how will the Cat survive?

$20,000 in Media Board Funds: Please, please, please read the Continental!

Popularity of Living in Milbank – because being awoken by construction at 7 AM is every college student's dream.

Freshman Girl Jokes: Because they're sophomores now. But don't worry…the ladies of 2011 will be here soon enough.

3rd Party Catering: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. Oh, life in the Full Annex is so sweet!

A lot of Freshmen Girl's virginity – yeah, whatever.

The Al Ham Center – your short, controversial life will always be remembered for being short and controversial.

Life Trustee Menges – oh, just because hippies took over the College.

Minor Field – They paved Paradise and put up a parking lot, man.

Mandatory Sophomore Seminars – Burn, baby, burn.

What's Cookin' in the Co-op: Special Keehn Edition

by Joe Bob '00
Happy Hippie 4Eva!!!!!

Joe's Hearty Stew

This delicious concotion has enough carbs, protein, and fat to keep you going all day. And if you stick to one meal a day, you will have a lot of extra cash for the expenses of college life (if ya know what I mean).

3 loaves Wonderbread
2 jars Peter Pan Peanut Butter
1 gallon Whole Milk
1 lb Sunkist raisins

1.) Disconnect closest fire alarms.
2.) Do a few hits.
3.) Pour some milk into the cleanest pan you can find. If there are no pans, use your largest bong.
4.) Soak 2 slices of bread in the milk for as long as it takes to disintegrate. (This is especially fun to watch when you are "tired").
5.) Mix in a few tablespoons of Peanut Butter. Eat some out of the jar while you are at it. No, it was Jiffy, not Peter Pan that was recalled. I'm like 66.6% positive.
6.) Dash in a handful of raisins for a little color and chew.
7.) Chug, chug, chug, chug! This is good practice for any other opportunites you may have to chug rancid beverages!

Bob's Extra-Special Brownies

I don't think these brownies need any introduction except that they really are "extra-special."

4 lbs extra-special herb
Butter
Eggs
Milk
Brownie Mix
Tender Lovin' Care

1.) Disconect closest fire alarms
2.) Do a few hits.
3.) Simmer extra-special herb in butter.
4.) Wait.
5.) Maybe you should be watching the butter to make sure it doesn't burn or explode.
6.) That might be a good idea.
7.) But I mean, if you don't want to, man, the building might catch on fire and you might never know because the fire alarms are disconnected and you might die.
8.) Death may or may not be fun. Have you ever died before?
8.) If I were you, I'd watch the butter.
9.) When extra-special herb is nice and simmered, follow directions on brownie mix box, using extra-special butter.
10.) Pre-heat the fucking oven!
11.) Wait.
12.) When brownies are done, wait for them to cool.
13.) Yeah, waiting's not always fun but these extra-special brownies are worth it.
14.) Eat.
15.) Sure, you don't have to share. You made them! Eat the whole pan yourself!
15.) Come back to life next week.
16.) Make brownies again.

"What's Cookin' in the Co-op" is a weekly concoction of trippy concotions from the labratory in Keehn Dormitory. Try 'em out in your Common Room kitchen (watch for Campus Po!) or use them to "impress" Mom and Dad over break! Many thanls to the co-op members for sharing their "culinary" creativity!

RAP BATTLE TO GO DOWN IN FILIUS EVENTS BARN, YO!

by Lafawnduh
T. Dynamite
I saw 8 Mile 8 times so I must be an authority on these kinds of things

Who has the illest rhyming skills on Hamtech's campus? CAB, the Brothers, and WHCL has been having deliberations about the answer to this very question for awhile, and on May 11, 200sizzle, they will finally discover the answer. The Light Side and the Dark Side will face off in rap battle like none other than you have ever experienced before…

3 Representatives from each side plan to meet in the Filius Events Barn, neutral territory, which will be "ghettified" for the occasion. Each member of the team will go to head to head with a member of the other, with five minutes each to bust some sh*# open. If a tie is declared, the contest will continue into sudden death overtime- with a pair of "yo momma jokes" being exchanged by the most talented rappers on both sides to determine the winners.

Judging the contest will be three members of the English Department including Professor Roger Rosenbach,

"I am so excited to be given this opportunity to see students taking the initiaive to go out into the world and use the benefits of the English language for a good cause," he says. "I love how these rap artists turn colloquialism to melody and social stigma into postmodern art. I have heard some rap coming from my son's radio and I was moved by its profundity."

The Light Side has been frontin' for awhile about their sick rapping skills for quite some time now, according to Dark Sider, Rick Josephson '08.

"Yo, these popped collar preppy-a$% b*@$#ches have been hating on us Dark Side folk for such a long time," Josephson says "They claim that they're better than us when they've got mics in their hands, and its time they saw the truth, that just because their mommies send them care packages full of Cristal and Ralph Lauren cologne, don't mean that they can rap fo' shit."

Chadwick Alistair Preston III '10, who prefers for the purposes of this contest to be known as DJ Whitebread describes Josephson as an "skinny ass artsy pansy" and was happy to tell *The Spectator* why he thought the Dark Side had no chance.

"Bro, do you think they have any legit bi*&$%es over there in MacIntosh? Thought not! I've hooked up with like, at least fiddy percent of the girls on first floor Dunham. I just tell them they can like, "ride my yacht," if you know what I mean. And plus, I smoke doobies with my boys, like, every night."

Preston's roommate and fellow Light Side Rap Competitor, Jon Eric Gosbridge Jr.'10 , of the New England Gosbridges adds,

"Yeah, Preston and I are pretty much the shit, bro. We've been training like crazy for this thing. We ride dirty around the G-Road loop every night blasting Fat Joe and Snoop Dawg and rhyming their raps at the top of our lungs. We look pretty good rollin with the top down in my Range Rover. Yesterday we played that sweet song, This is Why I'm Hot by Mims, like ten times, and rapped every single lyric. Every sing one."

Gosbridge then points to the whales embossed on his pink shorts.

"I got one here for every time I've taken a bullet..." he says, beaming with pride.

Neighbors also living in Dunham have complained about the blasting bass coming the boys'room, but Chadwick and Jon are ready to take on whatever comes their way.

"We're going to give it them Nantucket style-whad up?" says Preston.

Rick Josephson and his teammates beg to differ.

"We've been using the practice rooms and studio in Shambach to cook up some sick beats for this contest," says Josephson, "like my whole suite has been getting into it."

Josephson and teammates Chow Fun Ping aka DJ. Wok Man '09, and Kurt Mc Culder '10 have been raising their team on a healthy diet of Granola Funk Express for the past month in prepration for the imminent showdown.

When asked what to compare his personal rapping style to, Josephson says-

" We like to describe our style as The Streets-like with a bit of Atmosphere thrwon in. Our raps sounds like If It Wasn't For You, that song by Handsome Boy Modeling School ft. De la Soul.,it's sick. However, we are really not into labeling our artistic expressions, we like to think that they are totally organic."

The Dark Side team is "stoked" for the contest, and believe that their experience "talking about their feelings at RhymeLab," will help them win.

"The Darkside has so much more street cred than the light side. I mean, look at all of the power outages? And the fire alarms? It's so dangerous here, that whenever there is a robbery or driveby, we all have to stay in KJ or outside until the popos and the fuzz catch whoever did it," declares DJ Wok Man.

Mc Culder agrees, "Yeah man, I don't think anyone can say they've seen the rougher side of life until they've tried to shower in a Milbank bathroom. It's kind of like trying to take a shower in prison, or in a commune…"

When what they planned on wearing to the competition, each team had their own idea.

"Yo, I've got this sick pink polo from J-Crew, which I'll be rocking along with my trademark ice around my neck, it says my name, which is pretty cool," says Preston, "Jon plans on matching me for the sake of team spirit and brotherhood."

When asked whether his collar would be popped or unpopped when he walked onto the stage in the barn, Preston answered "Popped, brodizzle, definitely."

The Dark Side Team responded quite differently.

"We are going minimalist, for sure," says Josephson. "I am wearing a flannel shirt and yoga pants, and my teammates will be wearing nothing at all except for some grills they made out of recycled keystone tabs. This contest isn't about labels or feeding the corporate machine, its about saving the Green Movement."

DJ Wok Man agrees, "I am planning on going naked, except for my cello, which I will use to lay down sweeta*s beats. I tore Wellin up with that baby during my recital last month, and I plan on BRINGING IT again on May 11."

"We're gonna Make It Rain!" says Preston.

We'll see what they bring… until then we are all left hanging, practicing our beatboxing skills, and arguing over the timeless Light Side/ Dark Side controversey.

The Former Kirkland College Campus (aka the Dark Side) has been looking a bit decrepit of late. Many experts attribute this to the phenomena of "Light Flight," as more students in the Housing Lottery opt to live on the Light Side.

Miramax Pictures releases Joan Hinde Biopic

by Jane Doe
"I'm In a Glass Case of Emotion!"

This Wednesday Miramax pictures will release, *Joan Hinde Stewart: My Journey Up the Hill of Academia*. This much-anticipated movie event will chronicle Hamilton College President Joan Hinde Stewart's incredible rise from her humble beginnings as a bastard child on the Carribean Island of Nevis to her presidency of Hamilton College

Not too many people know the whole story...

Joan Hinde, played by Diane Keaton in a Golden-Globe worthy performance, was managed to rise above her humble birth through a mixture of luck, fate, and just plain ingenuity. She first left Nevis at age 14, when she, after a tearful goodbye to her favorite pet donkey, boarded a single-jet engine plane bound for New York City.

This small island girl was at first overwhelmed by the big city, but she soon got a job working at a local bar, where she met a friendly gangster named Michael Corleone, played by Al Pacino. Michael gave Joan the cash she needed ot get on her feet, in exchange for a few favors, including a hit on some guy in Dallas during a parade.

Joan then used her combat skills to join the U.S. army during the Vietnam war, where she won twelve purple hearts in a battalion under the command of Lieutenant Dan Taylor, played with great skill by Gary Sinise. It was in Vietnam where she first learned the meaning of the word "Excelsior," but she soon became weary of money and glory and retired to a hippie commune outside of Pasadena California.

After receiving her undergraduate degree from the University of California, and "not inhaling," Joan decided to set her aspirations towards music journalism. She loved the sounds of 60's and 70's jam bands, and got the chance of a lifetime when she was hired by *Rolling Stone* to travel with the band Stillwater, and write an article about them.

The band, led by frontman, Russell Hammond played by Billy Crudup, opened Joan Hinde's mind to life, love, and personal growth. It was also on tour with Stillwater where she met Fabio, played by himself. during Stillwater's "Rock in Rome" Concert. Though the two only had a few brief nights together, the love they shared was so strong, that Joan never forgot it for the rest of her life.

After returning from tour, Joan attended the University of Edinburgh, where she got her masters in French followed by her Phd. In Scotland, Joan teamed up with political leader William Wallace. played with raw vigor and aggression bordering on animalistic by Mel Gibson. When Wallace was killed however, Joan returned to the United States, disilusioned iwth the world at large.

The years between 1975 and 2000 were the darkest and most painful of Joan's life. Though the world can only speculate exactly where she was udring this 25 year period, we know that she strgugled with lung cancer, bulimia, heroin addiction, the bubonic plague, stalkers, and locusts. Keaton portrays the complete emotional range of this time in Stewart's life with dexterity that only such a seasoned actress could provide.

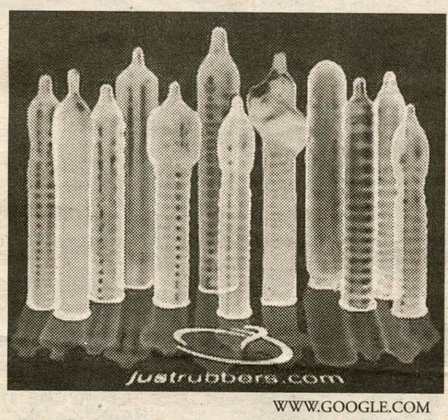
In 2000, Joan met her husband, Phillip, played by Chuck Norris, and this love changed her life and set her back on the road to fame. After a stint in rehab she got a job at Hamilton

CAB Presents: The Impregnator

by That Senior Guy
Playah At Large

This Friday, C.A.B. (Campus Activities Bored) is proud to present Jordan Smith, aka the Impregnator. Smith's unique talent has been lauded all over the U.S from Las Vegas to Detroit, to Atlantic City, and now to Clinton, NY.

Mr. Smith '00 is a graduate of Hamilton College, who claims to have majored in "the ladies" with a minor in "big pimpin." While at Hamilton he claims to have impregnated many women, and claims that the so called "seeds" of his impregnation skills were first sown at Annex and Bundy parties.



WWW.GOOGLE.COM
Play it safe kids.

"I really learned how to work the floor and pick up chicks to impregnate here at Hamilton," says Smith, a former AD brother, "My parents spent over $ 40,000 to send me here, and believe me, it was tuition money well spent.

Mr. Smith's performance includes doing a kegstand live in front of an audience, and then choosing a girl in the audience to impregnate after the show. He can impregnate girls using only pool balls, and frequently "makes love to live goldfish." Unlike any other impregnator, Mr. Smith's goldfish sexual partners come out of the experience alive, not dead.

"If the audience is really good," says Mr, Smith, "I will proceed to perform asexual reproduction with my pet amoeba and some particles of yeast, which yes, if you were wondering, I am capable of imnpregnating."

The Health Center has taken many percautions in order to prepare for Mr. Smith's visit. The building will be open and staffed for extra hours this weekend wiht the morning after pill available on request. All of the women at Hamilton will have condoms placed in their mailboxes and Friday afternoon to prepare for the Impregnator's impending visit.

Many people wonder how the Impregnator got to be so good at impregnating. Some have speculated that he uses pheramones to enhance his attractiveness, while others attribute his widespread success to his killer pecs and "third leg." Still others speculate that he has an unusually high sperm count. But when asked, Smith has little to say on the topic.

"A great magician never gives away his secrets," Smith says, a sly smile on his face.

Freshmen girls have already gone crazy over the arrival of the Impregnator. They are getting "tartier than ever."

"Oh my gosh, he's so freaking hot!" says Alenna Friedman '10.

"I totally want to do him when he comes to perform! This is like...the best performance that C.A.B. has ever had," she continues, "Screw that, this is better than May Day and Class and Charter Day combined!"

Even the guys on campus are happy to see the Impregnator.

"He's my role model, totally the reason I chose Hamilton," says Ben Wright '08.

Ronnie Boyers '10, who apparently has not gotten much play this year agrees, "I wish I could be him, I need to learn his ways."

If you want to be a part of this momentous C.A.B. Event, come to the Filius Events Barn this weekend. With Jordan Smith around, you might not go home alone....

Stewart Movie

from Biopic p.10

and rose through the ranks to the position of President.

Audience members, or at least this humble reviewer are bound to feel the same glory Joan does when she finally acheives her goals. Though the film is about 15 minute too long, its saving grace is its moving storyline as well as its acting. Gibson is great as an angry, disillusioned war hero, and Keaton's evolution as a character is readily apparent. The chemistry between her and Fabio and then later between her and Norris is truly amazing.

WWW.GOOGLE.COM
Joan went to Scotland once.

Joan Hinde Stewart: My Journey Up the Hill of Academia is an epic that no one should miss, just be sure to bring your Kleenex...for crying.

Hung-over Playlist!!!!

Class and Charter Day 2007

by Melizzle & Moonrock
Editors of Photography

OK - since you probably are drinking (or have drunk, future you!) yourself into oblivion this Class and Carter day and the weather is forecasted to be pleasant on Saturday that means you can stumble outside to nurse your hangover. I personally suggest Minor Field for this, but really any grassy knoll will do. This play list is low key so you can lower your BAC and recall where you lost your dignity in peace.

Where Do I Begin – Chemical Brothers
Yes, the Chemical Brothers are known for mixing far out techno beats, but this song takes it down a notch. Think Postal Service meets Daft Punk. The end of it sort of melts into some distorted version of white noise but if that's not your particular brand of scotch, feel free to skip to the next track.

D'Yer Mak'er – Led Zepplelin
This song…We mean… a classic… a motherf*&ki%g classic… the kind of sh&t you just can't pull off on a couple guitars and a set of drums… this type of shit takes life experience… a lifetime of life experience… to convey the type of in depth, heartfelt sincerity...*

This Must Be The Place - Talking Heads
The most mellow love song ever. Even if you're not in love, this song will make you fall in that 'comfortable love' with your future soul mate. If you think you're going to be thirty and spinster Bridget Jones style, we recommend you give yourself hope by listening to this song.

Domino – Van Morrison
When you were drinking, you were rocking out hard to "Brown Eyed Girl" and "Moondance." Well, Van Morrison is a man of many talents and he gots what you need sober too. This song evokes a mellow boogey, one almost eerily crafted for Minor Field.

The Best Is Yet To Come – Frank Sinatra
Fact of Life #1: Frank Sinatra is never wrong. Ever.
Fact of Life #2: If Frank Sinatra says something will be so, it will be so.
Deduction: No matter how bad you feel right now, Frank says there's better things to come. Whether that's sober or not is a separate question.

Fake Palindromes – Andrew Bird
A total whirlwind of a tune. Really. The strings give way to drums, which give way to some fluctuating yet smooth vocals, which give way to that addictive string and drum concoction again. Its short and sweet…almost too short…but that's what repeat is for.

Wildflowers – Tom Petty
At first reaction this might seem like Tom Petty's best impersonation of James Taylor. This blissful ballad floats like a pleasantly drunk Hamilton student lounging in Minor Field stringing together a daisy chain as they recover from Friday.

Earthquake Weather – Beck
In true Beck style, he berates a person with a "little brain" to a relaxing modern background. This song will make any intoxicated airhead giggle into a sleepy (still) drunken stupor. We recommend playing this when encountering a belligerent freshman at approximately seven p.m. on Class and Charter Day.

I'd Rather Dance With You – Kings of Convenience
The interesting dichotomy of this song is that the lead singer repeatedly reminds you he would rather dance with you then carry on a conversation, yet its mellow beat makes even our hangovers more pleasant.
Just rock quiet and sober with this song. Or chug vodka. No middle ground.

Old Town – Moby
Moby: We know you are thinking bald-guy-techno-wackiness. On the contrary, you should be thinking 1920's speakeasy. Don't worry; it still has a modern, funky feel that makes this song the bee's knees. Plus the catchy drumbeat will give you something other than your spins to focus on.

Mr. Tambourine Man - Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan was a reputed singer and man of beats. This ballad to a fellow man of percussion beats is the sort of mellow song to woo your heart and salve your stomach. Also acceptable alternative: William Shatner's jazz-rendition of this song (which for serious exists).

Romeo and Juliet – Dire Straits
Romeo and Juliet wasn't just a crazy tragedy by the pen of Billy Shakespeare! Oh no! Dire Straits captured their love, bottled it, compressed it into beats and released it for your listening pleasure. Just remember…there's a place for love in this song. And that's a hell of thing to remember on the day after Class and Charter.

*Courtesy of Martin Connor… Hallelujah Hollaback!

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SPANKTATOR SPORTS

May 4, 2007

Who's Hot in Hamilton Athletics?

- Hippie Vandals -

By out-running Campus Safety, you nearly made us care. But then we decided to sell-out and take a vacation to Disneyland.

- The Entire Population of Bundy '09 -

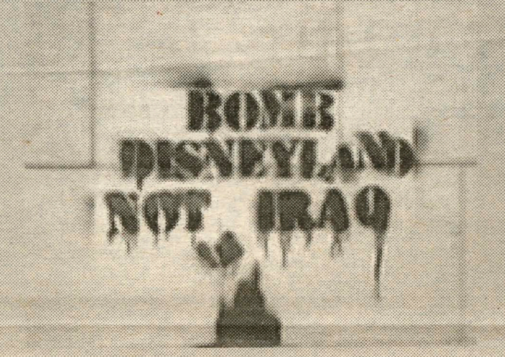
Bundy 1, Hill 0.

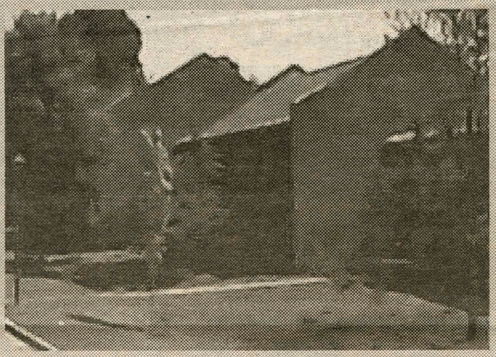
-The Hamilton College Varsity Division 1-A Beirut Squad

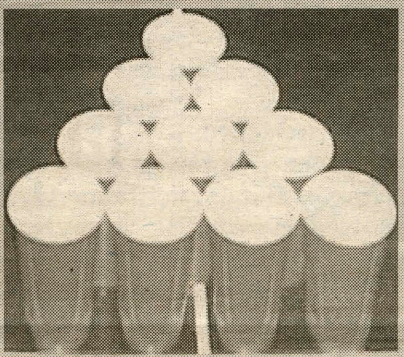
"Sure, we won the NESCAC championship," said Coach John Millridge. "But our victory wasn't complete until we turned around, went to Colgate and beat the hell out of them. Not for any competition, just, you know, 'cause we could."

- IM Softball-

Once again proving that 30-racks and IM sports go together like Andre and classy.





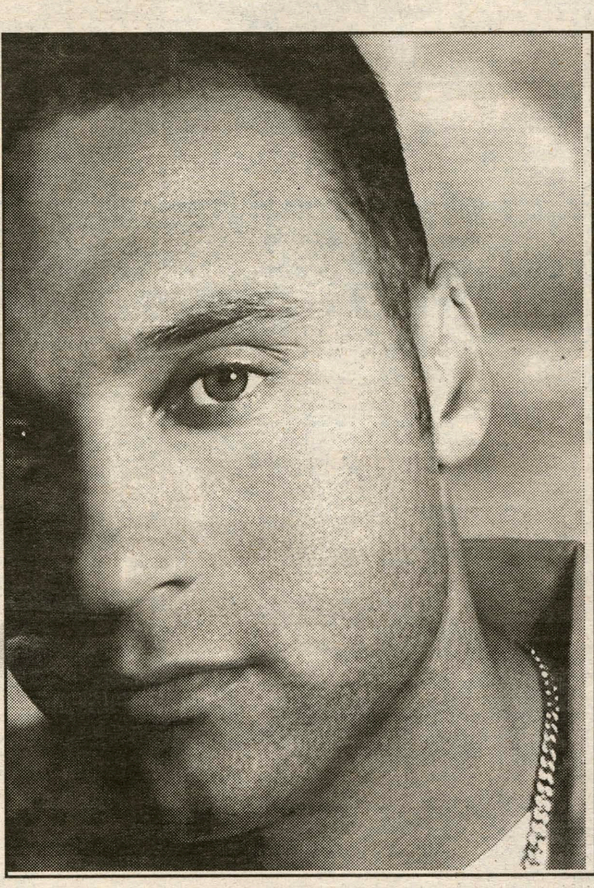


Yankees Looking for New Blood; Scout Hamilton Softball Squad

Pitching like girls anyway

by Andre Strawberry
Sports Contributor

Hamilton College made national news this week ("Money money, money!" C&D) when MLB talent scouts were spotted on Ferguson Field this week. Scouts said that they hoped to find new pitchers to replace the struggling duo of Carl Pavano and Phil Hughes.



"At least a girl can throw the ball, which is more than we can say for Pavano," one scout conceded. "And Hughes...well, we say 4 to 6 weeks. So...we can expect him in three months."

However, scouts look to fill more holes.

"Heck, we'd just like to replace the entire team!" said a source who asked to only be identified as G. Stein.

The team members were ecstatic over the arrival of the scouts. "We haven't seen a fan since the Kirkland team of '69, and that was because they burned their brassieres for good luck before every game," said Head Coach Batilda Ball.

While it is clear that back then they needed fans to make up for the lack of support, these days, spectators are hard to come by. As most of the sports world knows, most members of the softball team have had little to celebrate this season, save for that sweet hookup with the cute KDO junior last annex party.

When asked why he chose Hamilton College when looking for new players, G. Stein replied, "Well, these girls can't be any worse than Bobby Abreu. Plus, I heard you cats have shifted from merit-based to need-based. We need help but we certainly don't deserve it!"

Phil Jackson Unretires; Kobe Bryant Recieves Help

by David Marbury
Sports Contributor

Seeking to give Kobe Bryant some help on the court, the Los Angeles Lakers expanded Head Coach Phil Jackson's role this week. The "Zen Master" looked back at his time spent with the New York Knicks in the 1970s and decided to leave his throne in his old NBA uniform (short shorts and high socks).

"Kobe needs some help on the inside," Jackson explained. "The league hasn't changed that much since my days. You can still throw elbows right?"

Jackson elaborated, "Kobe needs some protection, I may be sixty, but I still got heart. Raja Bell, I am coming for your ass the next time we face each other!"

Why are the Lakers doing this? The weak free agent class of 2007 has forced the Lakers hand to drastic measures such as resorting to the free agent class of 1970.

"It's not so bad, it's not so bad," Los Angeles Lakers owner Jerry Buss said. "Oh, God were doomed."

Jackson, however, is ecstatic with the move.

"If I get $10 million just to sit on a big ass chair," Jackson mused. "Just think of what I'll get to dribble the ball."

Hamilton students were bemused by the news.

"If Kobe can score 50 points without Phil, just think of how many points he will need to score with Phil, 70 or maybe even 80," Tom Days '08 said.

"Since when did Phil Jackson play basketball?" Gabriel Murphy '09 demanded. "It's way too early for Mr. October!"